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Adam,
Is My Fig Leaf
On Straight?

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Adam, Is My Fig Leaf On Straight?

The chartered right to conceal is
a license to steal

By
L. D. HELLER

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“KEEP OFF THE GRASS”

To the boss in politics, the high finance thieves, the criminal—called a lawyer, the fossilized practice in criminal trials, the grafter, the pass giver and taker, the rebater, the petit larceny insurance robbers, the pious fraud in Sunday School this book is *warmly* dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

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W H Y

W H Y

“Adam, is my fig leaf on straight” was the first question asked of the first man when sin was found to exist in the world. It has ever been the anxious inquiry where crime lurked in the dark shadows and wrong sought to hide its face from public view, “Is my fig leaf on straight?”

Since thieving in all its forms, has come to be “the gentleman’s game” and crime has run riot with grab and graft, there has been a woeful lack of fig leaves and all good people with one accord cry out in very shame at the huge bulk of crime rampart and no longer hid from public gaze even by a simple fig leaf.

Brazen criminals stalk in the open in shameless nudity. They crown crime with golden greed. They spit in the face of decency and good morals and cease to hide

their shame from purity. With shouts of lude laughter they fling fig leaves to the wind. They calmly survey the ruin they have wrought and defiantly demand "What are you going to do about it."

"High finance" is plain stealing reduced to a science which takes it out of the commandment as well as the statutes. There is no need to ask: Is my fig leaf on straight since it is impossible to make crime criminal, or punish the thief.

Why have things come to this pass? The answer is easy. Because "the gentleman's game" is played by use of the Machine in politics and business. In politics the machine is under control of the "boss;" in business it is run by the "Captains of Industry." The two are equal parts of an undivided whole. They are the axiom of sin not in the catalogue of crime. Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other and both are equal to all things.

The boss in politics and the captains of industry by use of the machine, working

together, are equal to anything, from stealing a municipal franchise to controlling a product of the world, whether that be the fruits of the fields, the fowls of the air or every thing that can be extracted from the bowels of the earth. The earth is theirs and the fullness thereof. The cattle on a thousand hills are theirs. The fishes of the sea are taken in their nets. The men who go down to the sea in ships, likewise the ships, are theirs. The marts of the world are theirs, for they control the highways of sin as well as the seas, the water ways and steal (steel) ways of the earth. If any other thing of value should bob up which they covet it will be theirs. There will be no need to "take, steal, or carry away." It will be marked "Private" and this will be sufficient to pass title.

Why? Because fig leaves of sin have been relegated to botanical herbariums and shelved among legal antiquities. How to cashier all criminals to a level with the lowest and dress all malefactors in a common garb "before" as well as "after

taking," and make all lawbreakers look alike in "the box" is the purpose of this question: "Is my fig leaf on straight."

The President of the United States, who has a habit of looking farther into the future than most men can see into the past, voiced half the difficulty in a recent speech when he said there was not much to be hoped for so long as the \$1500 prosecutor was left to cope with the high binders of criminal finance. Since the President did not point the way and start the *formation*—for there is nothing to *re-form*—backed with the stamp of his high approval, it becomes necessary for some one to take up the task.

The criminals of high finance, rampart in cloth of gold, must be crushed until they stand on all fours with other thieves clothed in fig leaves before any salutary change is effected.

The robes of gold can be snatched away. The corporation lawyers (who are feeding sumptuously and arrayed in fine linen while poor prosecutors batten on

\$1500 a year) can be ruled out of the game by electing a Defending attorney at \$1500 a year to prepare and conduct the defense of all malefactors whether they be high finance thieves or thug strikers.

When the criminal courts are conducted on a basis as plain and simple as the rules of the prize ring and the rules of the game are as clearly defined and as fairly enforced as in a twenty round slug-
ing match the best man will win if the referee is honest.

This book was written in 1890. Since then the machine has made a President, United States Senators, and hordes of grafters. Everything has been unmade that has attempted to restrict the power of the machine. The machine has been re-made, more powerful, stronger and more hateful.

This book was never offered for publication. Why? Because. Because? Yes. Because the public would have none of it. At that time the curse had gone forth; "The public be damned" and the public

took it and never batted an eye. The machine was quick to see the public was cowed. "The public be damned" became the slogan of the boss and the captain of industry. The time was ripe to "take over all public utilities" and it has since been done. The machine got into its work and the public refused to sit up and take notice.

The masses thought this work of the machine was the outgrowth of new methods in business and politics—not so—the machine had been "taken over" along with other things which were not considered public utilities. The new set of bosses remodeled and repainted the machine. Originally it belonged to burglars, thieves, highwaymen, train robbers and gangs of hold-up-men.

The new bosses argued thus: "If the machine worked well under cover, in restricted field, it would produce greater results in a wider territory where the harvest was ripe and more abundant."

The original owners of the machine had their confederates, accessories before

and after the fact as the case might be. These accessories were known as criminal lawyers—usually a small fry.

The present bosses also have their confederates who are always accessory before the fact, known as corporation lawyers, the brains of the profession. Past Masters in interpreting the Magna Charta of the Criminal.

It may be interesting to the reading public—who are not lawyers—to know what this Magna Charta is.

1. Criminals have a Constitutional right to conceal a crime.

2. They have a Chartered right to be represented by Counsel before as well as after the fact.

3. They have a right to be tried by their peers—other thieves.

These three cardinal virtues of the law skilfully interpreted by a criminal lawyer according to the rules of a trial court constitute a license to criminals to commit crime; because they have been furnished with the means of escape.

To this Magna Charta must be added three great fictions of the law: "*The presumption of innocence*" cannot be taken away until the verdict of guilty has been rendered. Guilt must be established "*beyond a reasonable doubt.*" "*The burden of proof*" is on the State.

Thus hedged about "the gentleman's game" is safe from conviction so long as it is defended by the corporation lawyers who are always accessory before the fact—for they lay the plot and prepare the means of escape before the trick is turned.

With the avowed purpose to steal the earth, the machine ran down all who opposed it. A venal press ridiculed and cartooned all opposition to its bosses and their methods. The public refused to hear or heed any note of warning, therefore, it was knocked down, run over, picked up and carried to the nearest drug store, where it is now being resuscitated.

When its fractures have been reduced, the dust rubbed out of its eyes and a good

deal of arnica rubbed into its experience it may be able to see things as they are.

The idea that this was a great, big, broad, country wide and deep and long enough to give every body a chance, has received a hard jolt—since the machine made a ‘fence’ of all public utilities and the boss in politics has changed the voting place into a Devil’s booth where all things are sold.

The law of supply and demand no longer fixes the price of bread and meat. The wage of the toiling millions is no longer determined by “home consumption”, exports and imports.

High finance now determines the price of all things. For its ounce of dross it takes an ounce of gold. And all this has come to pass because legalized crime cannot be tried and convicted by the worn out rules that once obtained in the trial of criminals tabooed as breakers of the laws.

We have passed the point where the trial was for the purpose of fitting the

punishment to the crime. We have reached the point where the trial must be big enough to fit the criminals who have outgrown the present procedure.

The robes of grab and graft must give place to the uniform size of fig leaf. If the State has the right to sieze the poor devils, who steal rather than starve, and assign them counsel whether they will or no, to assist in giving them a fair trial, it has the same right to sieze the rich devils who steal from the starving poor and assign them counsel not interested in their escape. In other words take away the accessories before the fact who planned the escape in advance of the criminal act, and cashier "high finance" to the level of lowest crime and justice will be done.

Our criminal procedure is still in a state of barbarism. It has not materially advanced in two hundred years. Trials are conducted upon the theory that it is better that ninety-nine of the guilty should escape than that one innocent per-

son should suffer, despite the fact that no better chance is offered the innocent to escape, than is vouchsafed the public that the guilty be punished.

The theory had a reason behind it that has long since passed away. The hide-hound profession of law has always delighted in fiction, sham pleadings and precedent. It's devotees have ever been willing to sacrifice common sense to fiction and sham. Fiction and theory have triumphed over justice and progress.

Reader! if you don't believe this or are unwilling to admit the fact when proven then this book is not for you. You will probably continue to think you have been thinking until run down by the machine.

If you are not three parts coward when you have been "quartered" by the "Boss" in politics, the "Captain of Industry", the "Hogs in Sunday School", and the grafters, you will take up two or three holes in your belt, get a firmer grip on the handful of things you know, renew your allegiance to truth and right

and determine to see this war on high thieving fought to a successful issue, and if needs be die with your boots on.

The loud mouthing of the "Trust Busters", the investigations by heads of governmental departments will never pulverize the boss or put the machine out of action.

The criminal procedure must be adapted to meet the changed conditions of great criminals. It can be made broad enough to shield the innocent and strong enough to catch and hold the guilty. Sham pleadings are not allowed in civil suits, they ought not to be tolerated in criminal trials.

Criminal courts as now conducted are run on the theory of the game of "Now you see it, and now you don't." If the prisoner's fig leaf is on straight the criminal gets away; if not and he is innocent he gets it any way.

The purpose of a trial is to put the accused through the rules of the game. If his fig leaf is large enough and he is

shifty enough to keep under cover, he wins the game. It all depends upon the size of his fig leaf. The "Why" is, why not make all fig leaves of the same size and pattern by placing the accused in the hands of a Defending Attorney whose business it is to see that the guilty one is convicted, the innocent acquitted.

Abolish the nonsense of running a court for the purpose of allowing the rascals to get away for fear the innocent will not be acquitted.

Every lawyer knows that his duty to his client in any court is to get justice. If the criminal lawyer acted on this principle he would be like Othello, his occupation would be gone. Put an end to this game of now you see it and now you don't. Take away all accessories before the fact in the guise of counsel. Give the innocent a chance to make an honest defence.

Compel the guilty to submit to a fair trial to determine the degree of crime. Give every man a speedy trial, and a

“square deal”. Give every man justice, if justice gets him hanged, and there will be no more mob law and Judge Lynch will be out of a job. There will be no more graft or grafters. The fool talk of punishing corporations will cease and the criminals who control thieving corporations will be brought to book. See?

The American people through keeping up the mumping shams and fictions of a worn out system in criminal trials are the keepers of a lie. The chances to escape, the uncertainty of punishment, encourage criminals and invite crime. The dread of certainty will be a better deterrent than the uncertainty of conviction. The dread of ninety-nine chances of conviction to one chance of escape will prevent more crime than will the punishment of one crime while ninety-nine criminals go unwhipped of justice. Try it.

A Relic of Barbarism

A RELIC OF BARBARISM

A PRESENT day criminal court trial is a wonderful reproduction of the "bloody assizes" in the days of Jeffreys. The same savage, brutal, revolting manners, customs, usages, forms of speech, and style of court papers. The accused is still presumed to be the same ignorant prisoner in the box unable to read or write; who enters his plea of "Not guilty" by word of mouth because he does not possess the intelligence or the means of reducing it to writing.

He may have the cunning of a Rufus Choate or an Aaron Burr, the effrontery of a Guitiau, or the stolid indifference of a Chicago anarchist; it is all the same. His defense is the same plea offered by the unlettered barbarian of two hundred years ago.

It is not the purpose of this book to give details of criminal law or procedure; but to point out a few customs and show the reason for the origin of certain rules still in practice while the reason for their once existing has long since passed away.

For instance: the severity of punishment for the most trivial offence is responsible for the rule that it was more humane to allow ninety-nine guilty ones to escape than that one innocent man should be found guilty.

The unreasonableness of punishment was a lame excuse to allow all guilty ones to escape if they could; and judges winked at any device, flaw or fiction and allowed advantage to be taken of any technical defect on the part of the state to defeat it's case.

Thus brutality of punishment made trickery and fiction a virtue. Every form of deception and technicality was encouraged and allowed to be taken advantage of, because of the inhumanity of punishment.

Every form or devise that ingenuity was able to conceive was permissible.

Criminal trials soon came to mean the accused had a right to escape if he could and the trial was not for the purpose of determining the facts and disclosing guilt but just the opposite; to conceal the facts and permit the accused to escape if he could.

There was a touch of chivalry behind this bloody savagery. The accused not being allowed to testify in his own behalf—disarmed and taken at a great disadvantage—the unwritten higher law that all things had a right to live if they can was allowed to triumph over the law of the realm.

The accused had a right to escape if he could. A man had a right to quibble for his life or his limb.

It is easy to see and understand why all these quirks, quibbles and tricks grew up and became a part of every defense and finally established precedents which no judge or court would dare disregard.

While the right to a more humane defense broadened and the accused was given the right to testify in his own behalf and his silence can not be used against him, and the punishment made to fit the crime, yet the prosecution has been held to hard and technical rules and the avenues of escape have crystalized, wide open, and have been studded and buttressed by glittering generalities which embody every trick known to the defense.

The note following is taken from "Ten Years a Police Court Judge", and shows the hopelessness of the system by one who knew whereof he spoke.

"Three Famous Things In Law."

"The presumption of innocence." It is greatly to be regretted that the so-called presumption of innocence in favor of the prisoner at the bar is a pretense, a delusion, an empty sound. It ought not so to be, but it is. Rufus Choate said that 'this presumption is not a mere

phrase without meaning;' that 'it is in the nature of evidence for the defendant;' that 'it is as irresistible as the heavens till overcome;' that 'it hovers over the prisoner as a guardian angel throughout the trial;' that 'it goes with every part and parcel of the evidence;' that 'it is equal to one witness.' That is just what it should be, but just what it is not. Practically it is of no avail whatever in the trial. The jury tread it under foot; the judge the same moment he admits it in theory, forgets it in argument. It is a dead letter. Nay, so far from being merely inoperative, it is not hazardous to say that in the trial the presumption is reversed. By court and jury, by prosecution, police, and by the public the accused is presumed guilty. Let every one, as he looks upon a prisoner in the dock, carefully inquire of himself and answer if this be not so. The reason is plain. The whole course of criminal procedure, from inception to close, is designed to shut out presumptions of innocence and invite presumptions of guilt. The secrecy of complaint-making at the magistrate's office, the mysterious inquisition of the grand jury room, the publicity of the

arrest, the commitment to the lock-up, the demand of bails the delay of trial, enforced silence of defense till prosecution has done its worst, are all so many steps and strokes to blacken the accused before he is permitted to open his mouth to a syllable of evidence to break the force of the damaging array of circumstances. To suppose that the presumptions of innocence, which unbiased nature prompts, is not before this time choked and strangled to death is an absurdity too gross to dispute. The treatment itself of the prisoner negatives the presumption. If he is presumed innocent, why is he manacled? Why is he put in jail? Why is he let out only on bail? Why, when he is put on trial, is he put in the dock? Why does he not have place with the bystanders, who are simply presumed innocent? The 'presumption' in the presence of such things, is a contradiction of terms. How can a person be presumed innocent who is presumably guilty? The fact that he is restrained of his liberty presumes guilt. There is no other construction to be placed on the restraint. Human nature is not capable of any other. Yet human nature ought to presume

innocence till the contrary is proved. What then? Shall the mode or order of preceeding against suspected violaters of law be so modified as to allow human nature to be thus generous? Can it be so modified? The object to be attained is worthy of a good deal of experiment at the risk of a good deal of havoc of old time forms and proceedings. "*The reasonable doubt.*" It would be a happy thing for the tryers of criminal causes if somebody should succeed in defining a 'reasonable doubt'. A great felicity it would be if only some one should portray a reasonable doubt beyond a reasonable doubt. Nothing is more glibly spoken of than this doubt, yet there is nothing more doubtful. Lawyers roll it as a morsal under their tongues and roll it off at juries and justices as if it were a thing to be apprehended with as much certainty as a stark naked fact. But what a reasonable doubt is, it is doubtful whether they stop to think, or, stopping, form any but a doubtful opinion. Should it be a matter of opinion at all? Should it not be a matter of conviction? Should not every one who is to inquire whether he has it, have as absolute idea of what a

reasonable doubt is as he has of any other independent fact in the case? If the case is to turn on a question of reasonable doubt, how can it turn aright, unless the turning point be ascertained and fixed beyond a reas— beyond all question. The learning of the books on this subject is vast. It begins with the bible—that is to say, the book writers make it begin there, though it does not appear that the inspired writers were sufficiently inspired to hit upon the favorite expression. Its equivalent, law givers since the time of Moses, find in the Mosaic provision, which forbade the death penalty till the crime ‘be told thee, and thou hast heard of it, and inquired diligently, and, behold, it to be true, and the thing certain.’ (Deut. XVII; 4). This is said to be the amplification of Moses as definer of the doubt. Modern authorities do not seem to have done much better. But it is not because they have not tried. One author says that ‘the presumption of guilt ought to amount to such a moral certainty as convinces the minds of reasonable men beyond all reasonable doubt’. But what is the reasonable doubt? Another says that ‘a reasonable doubt may be described

by saying that all reasonable hesitation in the mind of the triers, respecting the truth of the hypothesis attempted to be sustained, must be removed by proof.' Another describes it 'as the degree of certainty upon which the jurors would act in their own grave and important concerns.' This seems to approach nearer to a solution, and resembles a definition once heard in a charge to a jury. The judge who gave it is admittedly one of the ablest and clearest headed jurists who ever set upon the bench. He is the man whom Rufus Choate called 'one of the ablest minds of the state'. As near as memory serves, his words were as follows: 'Just what a reasonable doubt is, gentlemen, it is not quite easy to say; but you are practical men and I instruct you that you should be satisfied of the defendant's guilt to that degree of certainty which you would require for your guidance in acting precisively in any grave matter of your own within such time as is ordinarily given to a jury for deliberation in the case". Allowing this to be right instruction, it is not probable that many, very many, are convicted without proof beyond a reasonable doubt. "*The burden of*

proof". This is another expression that you have a more fixed meaning. Like all other expressions used familiarly in this course, it loses force and weight by commonness. It plays a windy, wordy part in all argumentation on questions of fact. To the mind of the average hearer it assumes the likeness of a harmless sort of a puff ball, tossed hither and thither by cunning lawyers to mystify the case and the hearer, and, for about the same reason, the trier comes to treat it as not of much account. How often does the juror give it serious thought that the plaintiff is weighted with a burden which the defendant is not—that having asserted a thing he should show it to be a fact by a preponderance of the evidence? Many reason that assertion must be true, otherwise it would not have been asserted. Some regard *ipse dixit*, demonstration. They look upon denial as despair. To them, he who denies seems to be in a fix. They never get the better of the first impression of the first word. But the old Roman rule—the proof devolves on him who declares not on him who denies—is the American rule, and there is no rule that ought to be more rigidly in force in

court or out of court. A righteous rendering of it would be, let him who can not make good what he would assert, hold his peace or go forth at his peril. Then there would be less holding forth. There is too much holding forth. Too much there is of heedless, wanton, allegation, accusation of a legal sort and of all sorts. Rights are rated too low. Reputation is reckoned too cheap. It is painful to relate that the law holds reputation in a very cheap estimation. Criminal procedure everywhere is a standing invitation to attack it at the public expense, and civil procedure afford no adequate remedy when it is attacked and damaged. A suit for libel or slander, however well grounded in law, generally leaves the aggrieved man worse off than when he invoked the law's aid. Before he can get a trial the slander has done its worst, and before he can get a verdict he has spent thrice the money the law gives him to right the wrong he has suffered."

From Ten Years a Police Court Judge.
New York. Funk & Wagnalls, 1884.

Is it any wonder that the lay mind of the average jurymen fails to grasp the

charge of the court in a criminal trial, when the man who is talking does not know what he means and the man who listens cannot understand what the man who is talking says?

These three mystic sayings are a Chinese Maze to any mind and the longer one wanders in this tangle of meaningless jargon the more hopelessly is one lost.

This cunningly devised jangle of words is the product of thieves and knaves, strung together by crafty lawyers and put into the mouths of judges to bewilder the minds of a jury.

It is legalized fiction, permissible to offset the cruelty of barbaric punishment.

It is a part of the system that completes the manner of stating a case on paper called "the pleadings".

Until this form of pleading is swept away and the State, states its case, in ordinary and concise language and compels the defense to answer by pleading to every issuable and material fact in the indictment there is no remedy for this barbarism.

The reader's attention is called to that part of the note quoted, referring to the allegation of the plea of "Not guilty."

The learned judge says "The American Rule is the same as the Roman Rule—the proof devolves on him who declares not on him who denies." If the accused is allowed—compelled—to state what his defense is it puts him in a more favorable light before the court and jury and the true and fair way to justice is open to the defendant.

He would be asserting his innocence in the start and would not be "in a fix". He would then be declaring his innocence and not denying guilt and the proof of this innocence would be proving an affirmative instead of trying to prove a negative—the most unsatisfactory of all reasoning or proof.

This subject will be more fully taken up in a subsequent chapter.

*The Pleadings in a
Criminal Case*

THE PLEADINGS IN A □ CRIMINAL CASE □

“**T**HE PLEADINGS” are not the arguments of the lawyers, but the indictment and the word of mouth “Not guilty” of the accused.

As stated before, this oral plea of “Not guilty” was allowed because in the days of long ago when this system became the law of England the accused could neither read nor write and he was allowed to say in open court “Not guilty” as he stood charged in the indictment.

How senseless it is that we should continue to act on the presumption that men in this age are still unable to read or write and that we are on the same level of intelligence with a half civilized people.

Nothing so well illustrates how hopelessly we are bound to the dark-ages as

the senseless jargon mouthed by every judge in every court of this land when about to pass sentence on the accused who has been found guilty.

Barbaric irony, driveling from the mouth of supposed intelligence; "Have you anything to say why the sentence of this court should not be passed upon you?

What if he had anything to say, and suppose he should attempt to say it? If he attempted to go into the merits of his defense and show why the verdict was wrong the court would gravely or savagely say—which ever best suited the temper of his honor—"Stop! You have been ably represented by counsel, skilled and learned in the law, your defense has been heard and considered by twelve of your peers and they have pronounced you guilty. You cannot be heard to re-open and take up the trial of your case so ably conducted."

Why then should the poor devil be thus solemnly mocked? Why should he be asked this senseless question if he is

not allowed to meet it with an intelligent answer? "O," says the profession of fiction: "if the court should fail or neglect to propound this question before passing sentence this would be error and ground for reversal by a reviewing court and a new trial would have to be granted".

The ignorant layman asks, "If he cannot be heard to take up his defense and give a reason why sentence should not be pronounced why does that booby of a judge ask the question?"

"The law is a sacred mystery," answers the professor of fiction.

"The solemn mysteries of the dark ages must be preserved. In olden times when the accused could neither read nor write, when he could not be heard in his own behalf, he was given the right to show why sentence should not be passed and if he could give a reason he might escape".

But he has the right to testify and be heard. He has been heard and found

guilty. Why should he be insulted or goaded into saying something to arouse the anger of the judge and get a few additional years for his impudence or a short term for his ability to make a few smart remarks?

The echo answers Why, and the echo's answer is because it's a part of the game. See? The above judicial farce is but a part of the judicial fiction and the trial from start to finish is a fiasco. It is not a trial. It is a miserable pretense and sham. It is putting the accused through the rules of a game of hide and seek to see if he is smart enough to get away.

Is there a remedy? If so, what is it? There is a remedy; it is this: Put aside this worn out indictment and oral plea of "*Not Guilty*" and substitute the rational reformed pleadings as in civil cases where a cause of action is stated in ordinary and concise language and is met by an answer in the same ordinary and concise language with the right of either

party to amend before judgment or the verdict, if substantial justice warrants. Where all sham pleadings are abolished and the court is at once advised what both parties may be heard to offer in support of his cause or defense there you find justice. Then elect a defending attorney to be paid by the people, whose duty it shall be to conduct the defense for the purpose of having all testimony introduced that a defendant can produce in support of the allegations of his answer. Conduct a defense to the end that the defendant may have justice according to the rules and established forms of the law and not for the purpose of getting the accused acquitted under the present practice regardless of his guilt or innocence.

Under the present system a criminal lawyer is a legalized jail deliverer, a dynamite thrower, lock picker allowed to practice any trick on a jury or brow beat the court into any error to secure an acquittal even though he may know the defendant is guilty as Satan.

Organized criminals, (the original owners of the machine which is now in the hands of the boss in politics, and captains of Industries in the Trusts,) have their paid attorney in league with them, who may or may not be an accessory before the fact, who, when one or more of a gang is caught, immediately furnishes bail, if aailable offense, by having the professional bondsman go on the bond. This bondsman is furnished by the attorney for a percent. of the steal. It is done in this way. When a trick is about to be turned the attorney is notified to be on hand for any emergency. If the plans miscarry or if any of the gang is caught the motion is made for a bond, and the criminal is released on bail. If the proof is clear or the presumption great that a conviction will follow the defendant forfeits his bond and the professional bondsman pays the forfeit but he does not pay it out of his own pocket. All gangs of thieves have a fund known in the parlance of thieves as "*Fall Money*" which

means if one of them falls down i. e. gets caught, this fall money is used to pay the professional bondsman and attorney in securing his release or acquittal. In this case the criminal lawyer is a "*legalized Fence*" a go between who is as fully advised that a crime is about to be committed before the trick is turned as the public is advised after the act has been made known. When a man is thus allowed to come into open court in the guise of a lawyer and represent a band of thieves, can it be hoped the public will get a square deal or the thieves their due?

When the captains of industry, the leaders of a Trust wish to steal any portion of the earth, corner a product, "*take over a public utility*" amalgamate the copper industries, the gold or silver mines, coal or steel plants, they operate in the same way; only their paid attorneys are always accessories before the facts and lay all the plans and avenues of escape in case any "*Fall Money*" is needed if there should happen to be an epi-

dimic or sporadic reform. Can any man in his senses expect, in such a case, the public is liable to get a square deal or the thieves get anything but a whitewash?

Now, it must be plain that a band of organized thieves, of either class, could not so safely carry on theft as a legalized crime, for both are the same so far as the lawyer in the case cuts a figure, if the defense of criminals were taken out of the hands of the criminal lawyers so-called.

There is no system of court leadings devised by man, no trial procedure that can be devised and enforced under any set of legal rules whereby any prosecutor, however gifted, can hope to cope with one or more of the criminals, in the guise of lawyers conducting a defense, when they have planned every escape for themselves and confederates before the crime is committed.

All wrong doers must be as thoroughly and entirely taken *out* of the hands of their accessories before and after the fact, as they are taken *into* custody of the law.

If not, the trial is an abortive attempt at obtaining the facts, a screaming farce and a travesty on justice.

Of course, a hue and cry will at once go up from those criminals called lawyers who make a speciality of defending in criminal cases, if any change is suggested.

They will tell you the idea is preposterous. They will point out that the system of pleading is as old as our civilization; that it is the collected wisdom of ages; that any attempted change would unsettle all the established decisions and precedents of the past; that the pleadings are the science of the law; that nothing can be devised to take the place of what we have; that you must have an issue sharply defined and without it there could be no trial that would begin some place, and end somewhere; that a charge of crime can only be met by a denial; that any allegation beyond this denial would be surplusage or an attempt to plead the evidence. In short, as the defendant never seeks affirmative relief, or is called upon

to more than negative the allegations of the indictment, there is no need of any pleading other than "*Not guilty*".

All the above was said and a thousand times more when American lawyers suggested the reformed pleadings in civil cases which swept away all sham pleadings, and abolished the common law forms and brought all cases under a civil action stating the case in ordinary and concise language.

There is neither sense nor reason in allowing a guilty rascal, whether he be a high finance thief or a robber of hen roosts, to stand up and say he is not guilty and back and fill and trim his sails to every breeze until he finds a hole big enough to slip through and escape conviction.

If the guilty man was compelled to face a defending attorney who was an officer of the law, chosen and elected by the people, and state his defense and what he could prove to show his innocence or what he had to offer in answer to a charge

of rebates or that he did not break into a hen coop in the night time he would be facing a different proposition from that of telling a schemy, wiley, criminal lawyer "*just how it was*" and the two thieves laying their heads together to fool the jury.

"*Oh*" but says the aider and abettor of theives, burglars, highwaymen and murderers that would be taking away from the accused the dearest right of English Constitutional Liberty, the right to counsel, the right to confidential relation between lawyer and clients. What right has a robber, caught with the goods on him, to make a "*fence*" of a lawyer and conceal in him the dirty crime and put forth this legalized villian to furnish an avenue of escape? It is this maudlin sentimentality for crime and criminals that kindles the smouldering embers and starts the blaze, the light of which leads the mob to break down the prison doors and riddle the rotten hides of villians with bullets or hang them at the nearest tree or lamp post.

It is this right to commit a crime and escape punishment, if you can, that makes crime of so long life. It is this right to conceal that grants the license to rob, steal, and murder. It is this right to be represented by the accessory before the fact, to stand up and say for his Pal "*Not Guilty*", that furnishes a safe margin on which to bet that the thief can not be convicted.

When the pleadings in a criminal trial are so stated that the accused is put on trial to discover crime and not conceal it, when the trial is for the purpose of convicting the thief instead of his running the gauntlet of a set of rummy, rotten rules, which have outlived the reason for their existence, all criminals will look alike in the hands of a defending attorney and innocence will have a shield of protection and guilt will meet a terror that will pierce its mask and reveal crime in all its ghastliness. The fine spun theories of presumptions of innocence, burden of proof and reasonable doubts will be resolved into things within reason and the

riot of crime will find it has run its race
when its fence has faded away.

The Criminal Lawyer

THE CRIMINAL LAWYER

WHAT! A criminal lawyer did you say? Has it ever occurred to you what that name implies? Corporations employ corporation lawyers; men in mercantile business employ commercial lawyers; the commerce of the rivers, lakes and high seas is safe-guarded by a proctor in admiralty; the expectant heir whose name does not appear in the last will and testament of an ungrateful ancestor goes to the will breaker; the man whose fee simple in lands is questioned, hies himself to the real property lawyer; he who seeks equity seeketh a solicitor in chancery; the human vampire who has betrayed innocence, trampled on purity and virtue, and forsaken wife and deserted children, retains the divorce lawyer; the fussy man who knows enough law to be a poor lawyer and a mean neighbor consorts with the

pettifogger; the dead beat who lives by the sweat of his creditors brow, gets gratuitous advice from the jack-leg shyster whose impudence and ignorance are only equaled by his client's indigence; and the criminal lawyer is the accessory before the fact in high finance, the legalized partner in theft, burglary, arson, safe-blowing, highway robbery and murder, *particeps criminis* in all the deviltry on land and sea; who may be retained for any purpose and relied upon to misrepresent anything to win a verdict of "*Not Guilty*".

Look about you! See who the criminal lawyers are. If you were to meet one of them alone in the woods, wouldn't you instinctively feel for a weapon? If not, then he is the exception to his class. Usually he is not the man of high standing at the bar. He is not the lawyer in whose hand you would want to place the settlement of your estate or have act as the guardian of your minor children. He is usually a hard drinker, a sabbath

breaker, a non-church goer, the hail-fellow-well-met with gamblers, book makers, the consort in strange cities of women of shady reputations, the frequenter of saloons, the companion of men, the mildest mannered who ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat.

Yet, when you are apprehended for crime, thrown into jail for arson, stealing or murder, you entrust your reputation, your honor, yea, your life, in the hands of this man whose company you shun and whose presence in your family would be looked upon as association with a moral leper. Now this thing, which, like the devil, has made itself and which you let pass as a man, suddenly becomes the all in all, the one thing needful, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and as terrible as an army with banners.

Why would you appeal to this man when your honor and life are imperilled and would not think of asking his advice in a mere matter of dollars and cents? Because, of course, because, the most un-

answerable of all retorts—because he is a criminal lawyer. Because the name is a synonym for the worst in all the world. Because it is associated with the lives and history of criminals, men and women who have committed every specie of crime and unredeemed by a single virtue. Because his life work, his every thought is along the line of devious ways, of hidden crimes, ghastly secrets; the keeper of lies, the bosom companion of murderous thoughts.

In that quaint little village in Europe where the crucifixion of the Savior of the World is acted, the man who takes the role of Judas, even as it is played—is ostracized by his fellows.

But, the criminal lawyer whose profession it is to cheat justice, whose life is a study to release criminals that crime may go unwhipped, is the Sir Oracle in the criminal court room, the observed of all observers, the hero worshipped by law-breakers, the champion of human liberty and life. The God of the Criminal.

He is worse! He's the friend and advocate of the Trust, the representative of the captains of industry, the bosom companion of the boss in politics, the makers of Governors; the director of the machine behind political conventions; the consulting engineer of grafters; the king pin of all evil; the beloved of whosoever maketh and loveth a lie.

When the miserable wretch who had robbed the world of the life of the lamented McKinley was brought before the criminal court in the city of Buffalo, the bar of that city paid itself a graceful compliment as pure as the life of the dead President and as exalted as the stars.

No lawyer would accept the infamy of defending such a crime or representing so damnable a wretch. The bar of Buffalo selected the foremost member of the profession to stand for the majesty of the people to see that a conviction was reached in due form of law.

All honor to the decency of the Buffalo bar. All honor to the shining star of

hope that gleams on; a promise that a crisis can arise when public sentiment and professional probity and honor will not lend their names or stand as the legalized representatives of crime and criminals.

From the pre-eminence of infamy upon which this carion kite has gibbeted himself, his apologists will find it no easy task to take him down.

*The Jurisdiction in Divorce
Cases*

JURISDICTION IN THE [] DIVORCE TRIALS []

IT is a cardinal principle in law that no man shall be allowed to take advantage of his own wrong. Much more then he should not be allowed to take advantage of his own wrong that inflicts punishment upon the weak and helpless. The wrong that invades the home is a crime against humanity.

Marriage is a status. It is more than a contract between one man and one woman. It is a union by and with the consent of the state. It is trammelled up with far-reaching consequences. "First to the father who engenders, then to the mother who gives birth, then to the master who rears, then to the city that civilizes, then to the country which is the mother supreme, then to humanity who is the great ancestor". And finally to God.

Neither party to this contract should be allowed absolutions from this compact with the state so long as he or she has a duty left unperformed. Because every violation of this contract effects both the public policy of the state and endangers good morals.

Any wrong by either party which justifies the other in seeking a dissolution of the marital relation is a crime *per se* and should be made so by statute. The court in which such a case is tried should be one sitting as a criminal court. The proceedings should be instituted by the public prosecutor and the defense conducted by the public's defending attorney.

The defendant should be compelled to be in open court at time of trial if possible to be apprehended, and if he or she has fled the jurisdiction of the court, no dissolution should be made that would annul the marriage bonds in so far as they effect the offending party.

The law should be a shield and sword for the protection and defense of inno-

cense and an avenger of the wrongs done by the guilty. This would wipe out the stigma of the present procedure and practice and prevent the wrongdoer from taking advantage of his own wrong.

Under the law as it exists any husband or wife who feels the marriage bonds a burden too grievous to be borne can by an act, which is ground for divorce, drive his or her yoke-fellow to seek a legal separation and profit by his or her own wrong. In no other instance will the law allow a party to do this.

Either party to the marriage contract who wishes to be freed from its terms can by living a life of open adultery, or by any other act which is a ground for divorce, drive the partner into a divorce court without being called to answer for the wrongs. Husband and wife agreeing to separate practice collusion upon the court and obtain a divorce. These are the abominations of divorce procedure that can easily be cured by making the trial a criminal one.

The fact that so much has been said and so little done, is evidence of gross and dense ignorance on the part of the law-making power or the public does not demand a remedy and is content to allow crime to go unpunished and sin unrebuked in the home.

It has been proven time and again by judges who have a high standard of morals and a desire to protect the home and the state that the law as lax as it is, when rigidly enforced, has put a stop to the divorce pestilence and put the divorce lawyer out of a job.

We go mad over opinions thinking we are dealing with facts, but we do not stop to think the insane ravings of the multitude are merely opinions and that sentiments held purposeless produce no changes. We are inclined to cling to an old make-shift because it is old for men have faith in wrinkles.

The foolishness of all foolishness is this sickening rot about "aroused public sentiment" on social evils that ends with being

aroused. As if tomorrow will be good because today was not.

The mere having of an opinion or rejecting it is not proof of an existing fact. The majority may be wrong, while a Galileo may be right. The world may laugh at a Copernicus and be in the wrong.

On the other hand it is not always safe to argue that the minority is in the right, because it has the courage of its convictions.

The champion of minorities grew eloquent as he shouted: "Christ was in the minority and who was right? The twelve apostles were in the minority and who was right"? He paused for a reply and a wag in the audience said: "Judas Iscariot was in the minority and who was right"?

Yes, Judas **was** in the minority and so are the criminal lawyers, the bosses in politics, the captains of industries and manipulators of the machines.

It is not what we dream, but what we dare. Mere opinions and sentiments do

not change conditions. Numerical strength cuts no figure when we consider a moral or religious question or one that makes for home and virtue.

Forty per cent. of all the people in the world holding religious opinions know they are right. Twelve per cent. know all the others will be damned. Eight per cent. know all others are steeped in sin and iniquity and know not the Lord. Yet this sixty per cent. of the total religious world can not change the two per cent. of Jews or pry out of the Hebrew mind that God has a chosen people and they are it.

It must be plain, that formation or reformation is not a matter of opinion or sentiment. The writing of glittering generalities in party platforms may be a declaration of party principles; laws may be dead letters on our statute books. The way to uproot an evil is to destroy it root and branch.

An ounce of dread certainty, that punishment will follow crime, is worth a ton of doubtful dynamite that is sure never

to explode when the guilty are put on trial.

So long as the hand writing on the wall is read to mean a superb *menu*, a fee to *tickle the parson*, a divorce trial before the curtain is rung down, there will be no reform in divorce trials.

Graft, Passes and Rebates

GRAFT, PASSES AND REBATES

THE Attorney General of the United States took the trouble the other day to go over to Oyster Bay and tell the President—so the newspapers say—that the laws are so obsolete relating to the punishment of criminals or any crimes or crookedness on the part of governmental department employes that there is no hope of conviction or punishing a clerk or under officer for any leak on Cotton Crop reports.

The Attorney General suggests that the President tell congress about it in his next message and have the law makers look into the matter. In the language of the street gamin, “would’nt that jar you”?

Is anybody verdent enough or callow enough to think for one wild moment that any member of either house is going to

give up the game of politics and his especial graft long enough to frame a statute to punish a grafter in one of the departments?

Such twaddle sounds like the funny man, Mrs. Partington, talking to her son Ike. Mister Voter! Mister American Citizen! and his Sons, who are the sole heirs of sovereign powers, has it ever occurred to you that some things must be hit with an axe?

Laying the axe at the roots of the tree of evil in no way retards the growth of a single twig. Digging about the roots of this deadly Upas tree of graft for grubs increases its growth and prepares the soil for a wider spread of its branches. Deeper down in the soil of sin is the tap-root of this deadly night shade.

The graft of underlings and clerks is not a tendril of the great roots of graft that like a cancer around the nerves are sapping the vital energy of this government. Higher and deeper are grafters who must be held to strict account before

small grafting can be made a crime, and punishment made an example that will check the growth of robbing and stealing by petty thieves.

The moral obliquity and political turpitude of Senators, Representatives, Governors, Judges and all Public Officials who accept grafts from public service corporations must be stopped before the devil can consistently rebuke sin.

Suppose an officer empowered to go forth throughout the length and breadth of the land, with the all powerful and mighty mace of the republic, should say to all the grafters who hold passes: "*Stand and deliver*". The pile of graft would be bigger and higher than all the national public buildings thrown into one and the Washington monument on the top of the heap.

Even if all the sheriffs of the land had orders to go through the pockets of all the judges and extract all the passes the pile of graft would be bigger and higher than any temple wherein justice is done.

O ye, of the judicial erimine. Wash your dirty linen at home before you say? "*O ye generation of vipers who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come*".

If it is thought a thing incredible with God to raise one from the dead much more is it impossible to garnish the prison walls and floors and say to malefactors and theives, be ye clean, when the judicial erimine is draggled in the slimy ooze of graft.

It may not be true that if this graft is not cut off judicial erimine will be a sail that has passed in the night but it will be true that judicial erimine will not be worth wearing. If it is not true that justice is dead it is true that justice is undone. Instead of trying to crush the wee, little mouse in the corner with a cannon ball, hit the big grafter who stands in the open, with an axe.

There are judges you have seen who are no better than the slimiest criminal lawyer who wriggles in the festering cess-pools of rottenness and crime beneath

him, and no judge can grace the bench who holds the balance of justice in one hand while with the other he grips the bribe of one of the litigants before him.

No use to make laws to punish the petty grafter in the prisoner's box while a wiser and meaner grafter sits in judgment.

Out with the entire brood. Hit the whole bunch, judge, law-maker and law-breaker with an axe. Clean out the stables before you begin to worry over the sneak thief who threatens to steal the dung fork.

But where is the axe? Yes, by all means let us have the axe. Here it is. Make it a penitentiary offense—five years, and a fine equal to one year's salary of any national, state or county or municipal office holder who is convicted of accepting or using a pass before or after election. How will you find out a pass has been issued? Compel every corporation issuing passes to file a sworn statement with the Secretary of State, in every state and

territory, in which they operate including a statement filed with the Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia; giving the number of each pass and name of the person to whom issued under a fine of \$100,000.00 and ten years time in the penitentiary for each of the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, and Board of Directors of the corporation issuing passes.

*The Machine and Boss-
Made Judges*

THE MACHINE AND BOSS- MADE JUDGES

IT has been said by some who know and by others who don't know much about our form of government that our system of selecting judges is all wrong and our judiciary rotten to the core.

If selecting judges by a majority vote of the people is bad, then a machine and boss-made judge is infinitely worse.

A few examples of boss-made judges might be of interest. Judge Sot had served one term of five years as common pleas judge. A convention was called to nominate his successor. He stood for a second term. The local boss said "*No*". His friend in the state machine said "*Yes*". The delegates had nothing to do with it.

The boss had a state printer in a fat place. The judges friends said Judge Sot must be given a second term or the

state printer must go. The boss could not retain his friend in the state machine and oust the judge, therefore, he had to submit to the master or his friend's head must come off.

The delegates must not know the boss was opposed to Judge Sot, therefore, the boss must put his name before the convention. The boss took his medicine.

A short time before the date fixed for the convention Judge Sot had delivered an opinion in a case restraining strikers from picketing a corporation's plant and decided in favor of the corporation. The time for naming Judge Sot's successor arrived. The boss arose. He said: "Mr. Chairman, I have talked with a good many business men in this judicial district who have large interests at stake. Business men who have read the opinion in the case of capital vs. labor are in favor of Judge Sot's renomination.

I think it wise to respect their wishes: for my part, I think the man who seeks the high honor of a judicial position

should at least be a man of good moral character. I nominate the Honorable P. D. D. Sot as a candidate to succeed himself”.

The motion was seconded. There were no other nominations. Judge Sot was renominated.

Like all other drunkards Judge Sot had been drowning his troubles for a week prior to the date of the convention in a hilarious debauch. He was sick, too sick to leave his hotel and go to the convention hall and thank the convention for the honor of renomination.

*He is now on the bench when he is not at the bar. To the bench and the bar he is known as a drunkard. He has frequently been seen drunk in the court house, on the streets, hotels, and saloons. You can look higher and find his boon companions on the bench of reviewing courts.

As an example of surprising ignorance the writer had an experience with two

*Dead now—whisky.

ex-judges of the court of last resort in a state which has furnished Chief Justices in the Supreme Court of the United States—an experience he has never forgotten. The ex-judges were the product of the machine when the machine had at least the semblance of respectability. After their retirement from the bench of the supreme court one of them was the President and the other the Treasurer and Attorney of an accident and sick benefit company engaged in insuring applicants against loss of time from accident or sickness.

They prepared and had the applications for insurance printed and made the application the basis of the contract with the insured. They offered the applicant an indemnity against loss of time, paying from \$3.00 to \$40.00 a week upon paying a stipulated premium, but they did not require the applicant to state the money value of his time, which was the thing supposed to be insured against loss as the result of sickness or accident.

One of my clients held certificate No. 1 in the company and asked for my opinion of the plan and safety of the organization. Upon giving him an unfavorable opinion he at once reported the same to the ex-judges. They were very indignant and at the next meeting of the board of trustees called the writer to book for an explanation.

On entering their office I found the full board present and waiting for me to show cause why I should not be scalped for reflecting on the legal learning of the ex-judges of the Supreme Court.

The Ex-Judge, president of the board, cleared his throat after the manner of judges about to say "Stand up", etc. Putting on his severest judicial frown he began by saying that they understood I had been making unfavorable comment on the company's application blanks and contracts and they looked upon my conduct as a reflection on their knowledge of the law and would like an explanation and would give me an opportunity to state my reasons for my strictures.

I began by pointing out what I termed an oversight in not requiring the applicant to state the money value of his time; that by this omission the company had no knowledge of the thing to be protected. In other words, they had overlooked the moral hazard of the risk. His honor, the President, put on his judicial sarcastic smile and said "The what"? The moral hazard of the risk was the reply. "The moral hazard of the risk! I never heard of such a thing and I don't think you, young man, know what you are talking about". "Very well, judge, this is no funeral of mine; I have not been asked to sit with the mourners, neither do I seek to be one of the pall-bearers, nor have I asked permission to furnish any flowers. Since you have decided that I do not know what I am talking about, you will not care to hear anything I may have to say."

"Well," his honor remarked, and gave me a look which meant his judicial scalpel was keen and sharp and he was

prepared to teach me the difference between skinning and being skinned. "Since you are here and have exposed your ignorance you may learn something if you have the capacity to receive learning and are not such an egregious ass as to suppose you know it all". In a patronizing way, "Suppose you tell us what you mean by your new fangled insurance phrase, the moral hazard of the risk".

I was eating my humble pie as meekly as I could and I said: "Pardon me judge, but I did not know I was called in here to give kindergarten lessons to an A B C class in accident and sick benefit insurance, but since you call for a diagram of what you consider a joke, I'll do my best to give it to you.

Let me illustrate it to you this way: Suppose you had a smoke-house in your back yard (the judge had been reared on a farm and knew the difference between a smoke house and a church steeple) that had cost you \$50.00 to build it and you wish a fire underwriter to in-

sure it against loss by fire, and you should apply for \$10,000 of insurance and were willing to pay the premium on that amount." "Well I would not be fool enough to make such an application and no fire insurance company would assume such a risk". "Certainly not, judge, and why". "Because", said he! "instead of assuming part of the risk myself which would be an inducement for me to take care of my property, the insurance company would be offering me an inducement to burn it for the insurance I had paid for". By this time the judge's mind had travelled faster than the outline of the diagram and the point to the observation was in the application thereof. "In short", I said, "the company would refuse the application because the moral hazard of the risk had been oversighted. "Exactly". "Well then, judge"—"You need go no further", was his tart interruption. "But, your honor, I was not through." "We don't care to hear you any further", he snapped out". "Well", said I, "but some

of the others may be interested in an explanation and if you will permit me to go on they may permit me to put the saddle on 'the' egregious ass's back, who, by right should wear it". "Go on", came from the other directors and when I was through the other ex-judge spoke out; He said: "Judge, it seems we don't know much about accident and sick benefit insurance. I move that we employ Mr. H—to re-write our literature, applications and certificates, and that we burn up all the printed matter we now have on hand". The motion was promptly seconded, put, and carried, and I did re-write their literature, applications and certificates, which were afterwards approved and used by them and all the printed matter they had on hand was dumped into the furnace and burned.

This incident proved to me that a lawyer might be a good politician and shrewd enough to get elected to sit on the bench in the court of last resort in a state and still be an incapable judge.

But what think you, Mr. Voter and Citizen, of the Boss-made Judge, and his name is legion, who has gone to the boss, paid the price for his nomination and election and when he draws his salary, does not so much as receive all that is due him, but leaves the boss' share in the hands of the treasurer?

Do you want that judge—and God save the mark—to hold the scale between you and the boss' friend where you are a litigant?

Don't you think such a judge, if he happened to see his image in a glass, would instinctively say—"Stand up and receive your sentence"? With one hand on his wallet and the other on his watch he would say to the man in the glass, "You have been tried before the bar of my conscience, the verdict is guilty, the jury has been polled and it is a righteous verdict. The sentence of this court is that you be confined in the State Penitentiary for a term of five years at hard labor, no part of which time to be spent

in solitary confinement'', and would at once deliver himself into the hands of the sheriff to execute the order.

But why dive deeper into this cess-pool of political rottenness? If the devouring fury of a public conscience will not consume this iniquity we are undone.

*The Iniquity of an
Imported System*

THE INIQUITY OF AN IM- PORTED SYSTEM

WHILE justice is about to travel up and down the wishbone of one of the three great racers among life insurance companies, yet retributive justice does not seem to be a good enough roadster to overtake "the system" of "industrial" insurance and mete out the just dues to those who grind the faces of the poor under the pretext of protection. "Industrial" grafters sail on an even keel through untroubled seas, undisturbed by the obscene tumult raging all around "the big three", because the wrongs of "industrial" iniquity deal only with the "short and simple annals of the poor".

The widow's mite that was big enough to attract the attention of the Savior of the world and immortalize a woman because "she hath done what she could" is

too small a matter to concern loud mouthed "Trust Busters" and bloviated blatherskites who assume a virtue because they have it not, and exploit the crimes of high finance thieves who are still meaner than the pals who peach.

The dear public and millionaires who have been so cruelly robbed by "the system" can hardly be expected to take notice of the crimes and iniquities done by the "industrial" hordes who gather up the millions rubbed out of wash tubs; ironed out of garments sweat-stained and tear-stained; scraped out of gutters and back alleys; picked out of old rags; sewer trenches and mines; and pennies wrung from the hands of toiling millions of the poorest paid labor in the world, and dumped into the insatiate maw of the industrial mill which grinds so slowly but grinds so exceedingly fine that its noiseless system is unexploited.

No need of fig leaves to hide the wrong done the very poor. Their cries are heard only in heaven and by God

alone. The agonizing cry of the lowly is never answered until their wrongs are a stench in the nostrils of an avenging God.

The unrequited toil of 200 years that had been paid in the stripes of the master's lash were avenged by the sword. Every drop of blood drawn from the black man's back by the cruel lash, was repaid in tears and oceans of blood drawn from the white man's veins.

It must be so again. Every tear-stained nickel taken from the widow under pretext of protecting her sick and starving child; every blood-stained penny, fallow-soaked with the blood and sweat of poorest paid toil, taken under the pretext that the insured's body will thus be saved from the dissecting knife and not be buried in the potter's field, must be repaid by those who carry on the nefarious business of the "industrial system".

It is the purpose of this chapter to show how the "industrial system" extracts millions in pennies and nickels from widows and orphans, takes bread out of

the mouth of babes in the cradle, and pennies from the aged and infirm until they are swallowed up in the grave under a pretext of protection, which, in point of fact, is only such protection as vultures offer lambs.

It is but just to say, in passing, this "industrial system" is a foreign importation. It is the work of the same devilish minds in which were evolved the grinding process of sweat shops, women workers in mines and toiling children in factories reeking with foul pestilence and noisome smells and death dealing vapors.

It is only just to American manhood, American sense of honor, justice and fairness and high ideals, which scorn the thought of robbing widows and infants, the aged and the infirm poor, to say that no true American citizen would have ever conceived the iniquity or worked out the detail of this hell-born system of petit larceny.

It originated in England. It was worked out in all its fiendishness by

Englishmen. It was introduced to the poor of this country by English agents with cockney airs and cockney insinuating manners. Englishmen, with the dexterity of the artful dodger and trained by men with the instincts of Fagin.

Industrial insurance and Fagin are identical characters and ought to be immortalized together in everlasting infamy; a living monument of the most hateful graft because its victims are those who have no defenders and for whom the laws offer no protection.

It is but just to say that this foreign importation was time tried. It was good because it was old. It was warranted to meet every emergency. It was guaranteed to fit the most destitute. It was English "you know". Like the Common Law, "the collected wisdom of the ages"—with the brand blown in each bottle.

It is the product of the slower-footed thought which prompted the making of the bull dog. By the way, the bull dog is not a specie of dog. He is the mean

counterfeit of something better. He is the "made dog" of British stubbornness, savagery, ferociousness,—all head, mouth, teeth, and stomach, like "the made dollar" of "the system", meaner than a counterfeit of the real dollar. And the "industrial system" is an exact duplicate of its British brother,—all head, mouth, jaws, and an insatiable appetite of greed and grim determination to grab and graft and hold fast the last penny of the poor because its jaws are set and it will die in the attempt to hang onto its victims.

Its only claim to respectability and the only virtue for which it can be commended is the one for which the old lady admired the devil—its indomitable perseverance.

With these few forewords, the reader is invited to consider the up-shot, ground plan and superstructure of the industrial graft.

Let us take up a policy of industrial insurance issued on a child, an adult, a babe in the cradle, on the aged whose

heads are frosted by time. Its all the same from the cradle to the grave. The application is made out, a doctor runs in and looks at the victim, called the insured. His fee, 25 cents. The agent who "writes the business", is paid fifteen times; that is, he gets as the first commission for this ten cent premium, \$1.50, fifteen times ten cents. The victim pays this 10 cents. The doctor and agent get \$1.75 and the agent gets 15 per cent. for collecting the 10 cents so long as the victim continues to pay.

A policy "comes down" that is, is issued but it is not in force for its face for weeks, months, a year and a day. If the victim,—called the insured, dies before the policy is in full force for its face, only a small part is paid.

The graft is set; if the victim "is in arrears", that is, fails to pay for four consecutive weeks, the policy is "lapsed" lost. If the arrears are paid up, the agent goes on and collects 10 cents a week until it does "lapse" or becomes "a

claim" by death, which rarely happens.

It makes no difference what these industrial companies may say or how much proof they may offer, and how many death claims they can show have been paid; the appalling fact still remains, the combined number of industrial policies issued by all the companies in America since the system was brought to this country, would supply one-half of the 80,000,000 people each with a policy.

And the further fact still remains that all these companies do not have in actual force 5,000,000 policies on which the insured would have a death claim if the holders should all die tomorrow. They have millions of policies on which they are collecting weekly payments that never have and never will cost them a single penny, and they know it.

If you are not "wise" on this system of graft you ask: "How can the company pay the Doctor 25 cents and the Agent \$1.50 and 15 per cent. of the 10 cents as soon as the policy issues? It does look

preposterous that for eight and one-half cents actually paid in to the company it could pay out \$1.76½, does it not. The answer to this question is like the answer to the question where Jim Bludso lives. "Wall, he don't live, you see, leastwise he's out of the fashion of livin, like you and me". The Company does not pay it you see, leastwise, it is not in the habit of paying like you and me. Who does? The victim insured, of course. But how can the victim pay it?

If he pays seventeen weeks he pays but \$1.70. The agent would get 25½ cents of that. Add to this the doctor's fee of 25 cents and there is but \$1.19½ left. The company is still shy 57½ cents at the end of seventeen weeks. It will take nearly seven weeks more to make up this 57½ cents. Twenty-four weeks, or \$2.40 to pay the initial cost of this 10 cent policy.

Impossible, you say. But wait. The bull dog has secured his death grip on the insured's throat. His teeth are set

and his jaws are locked like a vice. But this is not all. The agent is in the toils as well. Suppose the victim breaks loose and the bull dog loses his grip on the victim's throat when \$2.40 has been paid in. The dog flies at the throat of the agent. The agent must get another victim and the bull dog lets go his hold on the agent and fastens on the throat of the new victim.

Now what? The doctor gets 25 cents but the agent gets the bull dog in his neck—he gets nothing. If this initial policy lapses a million times the agent gets but one whack at the graft. This \$1.50 is all he will ever get out of this victim until some one holds the policy long enough to die—that ends it.

As a matter of fact, then the “fifteen times” that is, the payment of fifteen times the face of the weekly payment has never been paid on any policy except those that lapse by death. You begin to see where the graft comes in, don't you?

If the combined number of policies

issued by all these companies is 40,000,000, and they have paid 5,000,000 death claims, then the companies have paid this "fifteen times" only on one in every eight policies issued.

You say, "but I don't quite understand this yet. If the company has paid eight times 25 cents for eight examinations, that is \$2.00, plus \$1.50, makes \$3.50 paid out and 80 cents minus 12 cents for agents commissions, leaves but 72 cents for the \$3.50. The company has lost \$2.78". Oh, no, the victims must make up that \$2.78.

Now it must be plain to a school boy that if eight people have paid out 80 cents at a cost of \$3.50, some one or all the eight must make up this difference before a single one of these policy-holders can get any money out of a death loss. But this is not all, this 10 cents a week must pay its share of the assistant superintendent's weekly salary which is paid to him in cash each week, ranging from \$18.00 to \$24.00. Superintendent from \$50.00

to \$200.00 a week, on up to president who gets \$1,921.00 per week, besides what is paid to the army of clerks, field inspectors, etc. So it is plain this 10 cents will be eaten up and there will be nothing left with which to pay this \$3.50.

The fact is, a 10 cent policy will yield but \$5.20 per year of fifty-two weeks, and it is loaded with an initial expense of \$3.50 if seven out of eight policies lapse within a year.

Mr. Reader! You may think the foregoing is a chinese puzzle and not a plain statement of the facts and you do not understand how it can be true. No, and you never will understand industrial graft until you have been victimized by it.

It is a fact that assistant superintendents are employed—selected out of the agency force—and paid a weekly salary ranging from \$18.00 to \$24.00 a week for no other purpose than to drill and teach agents the mysteries of the system. And few agents ever get beyond the A. B. O. of the system.

No man, no matter how learned or versed in business or any of the professions, can take up this system and master its details inside of three months of laborious work. You need not be at all surprised if this foregoing statement is a maze to you.

Out of the 40,000,000 policies issued, we say 5,000,000 are in force and 30,000,000 have lapsed. In insurance parlance this is true, but in point of fact it is not true, for the simple reason these so-called lapsed policies have never been in force and have been used by the system as men of straw to prevent the agent from getting his "fifteen times" for writing the business. Yet, while the agent has not been paid his "fifteen times" he has been collecting 10 cents a week while the policy has been in the names of one set of victim and then passed to others who take up the policy where another has failed to keep up the weekly pay. This is the system's main source of graft, but by no means its only one.

There are two classes of industrial insured, which furnish the bulk of death claims, the infants and very old. While both infant and aged pay the same premiums as healthy adults the amount insured on the infants and aged is a nominal nothing.

It is not necessary to consult the "dream book" of the actuary to understand this fact. The death rate is greatest among the very young and very old. At the beginning and end of the insurable period, between one and three years, and sixty-seven and seventy years, the death rate is higher than at any other period. That is, if you take 100,000 infants, 100,000 adults and 100,000 at the age of seventy, the very young and the very old furnish the greatest number of deaths and the smallest amount of loss. While the insured who carry the policy from infancy to expectancy have paid treble the face of the policy when it becomes a claim by death; and the great number who fall out and their policies are revived by others

who continue to pay but never die while the policy is in their names, are never a risk and never get protection or a penny returned.

All of the states granting charters to life insurance companies, excepting the industrial system—compel the companies to either give extended insurance for premiums paid after a fixed period of years, or give a surrender value in cash or paid-up insurance payable at death if a policy lapses or is surrendered.

The industrial grafters exercise their own sweet will in this matter and cut the insured off at the end of four weeks and declare a policy forfeited no matter how much has been paid or how long the insured has kept up his weekly payment.

As a matter of fact, these companies are now holding out inducements to have their victims keep up their paltry insurance and offer extended insurance and paid-up values and cash values, but on investigation it will be found that the insured has paid a larger sum than the face

of the policy and cost of carrying the risk. In any case, the victim has been fleeced most outrageously.

How any decent American business man can accept blood money obtained in this way is a marvel to any one who knows the ins and outs of this system.

Think of it! The man who went to England and imported this graft now holds the position as president of this company with a salary said to be \$100,000.00 per year. That is 1,921.00 per week. He is also a United States senator—What for? For the same reason millionaire rail-road magnates go to the senate—to watch over their interests and see that no laws are passed that will effect their so-called properties.

A United States senator looks into the face of the Vice-President of the United States as he presides over the most august body in the world, while an army of 75,000 starving children is being deprived of 75,000 pints of milk every week in the year to pay this man's salary

of \$1,921.00 a week, and not one penny will ever be returned to these infants or their poor, deluded mothers who are depriving their children of the necessities of life for petit larceny insurance that does not insure. The tear-stained nickels are swallowed up to keep up the graft and feed the octopus.

A poor factory girl who pays 10 cents a week for this petit larceny graft devotes more than twelve years of her life to pay this man's salary for a single week and if in that time she is sick or unable to pay 10 cents a week for four consecutive weeks, her twelve years of wages are swept away at one fell swoop and her petit larceny protection is lost!

An official of this graft smokes a \$1.00 cigar, which represents twenty nickels rubbed out of a wash tub by some poor, deluded widow who thinks she is laying it up against a day of death. If her babe, which she deprives of a pint of milk each week to pay this petit larceny steal, sickens and she cannot pay for four

weeks, all is lost. She denies herself and child the necessities of life to keep up this graft with the fond hope that if it dies she will have a sufficient sum to take it out and lay it away, where, at the call of the south winds, flowers may come up all over its grave, a sweet prophecy of a resurrection.

Death overtakes the little one, but during its illness the mother has not paid the nickel a week for four weeks and the policy has lapsed! Her money went up in a night at a "smoker" where jolly grafters chuckled over the increase of "business". The babe found a resting place in the potters field.

Shame on this outrage infinite. Mr. Reader! I tell you no flowers of comfort will ever grow on the barren heath of a grafters sepulcher.

But why enlarge on this iniquity? It is certainly known to all the commissioners of insurance in all the states where these companies work the poor.

Suffice it to say of all the graft, greed

and stealing going on in the United States today, there is no system of robbery half so mean, half so wicked, half so contemptible. It is petit larceny on a gigantic scale. It is a system of theft, taking from the poorest paid labor the hardest earned money. And, meaner still, it is taken with full knowledge on the part of the officials, directors and stock holders, that not one dollar in ten will ever be returned to the insured.

If the richest man on this continent takes sore trouble for his greed, he may still congratulate himself when he compares his system with the industrial graft. In comparison he is an angel and a saint when mentioned with this horde of petit larceny grafters.

If there ever is an aroused public on this subject there will go up such a mighty shout of indignation, such a cry for vengeance, such an appeal that God Almighty may consume this iniquity in the brightness of His coming that it will be wiped off the face of the earth. There is no other way to deal with it, it should be annihilated.

The Author was conscious that what had been written concerning the iniquity of an imported system might seem to the reader, not familiar with industrial insurance, as the insane raving of a diseased imagination rather than the sober judgment of a candid mind supported by sufficient proof to warrant the writing of it down. While the foregoing chapter was in press Mr. Haley Fiske, Vice-President of the Metropolitan Life testified before the New York Life Insurance Investigating Committee and more than verified every statement which had been made above. The charges are therefore not the vain vaporings of a diseased and distorted imagination, but ghastly facts bearing upon their face the import of absolute verity supported by the sworn testimony of a competent and credible witness willingly making declarations against his own interests. Mr. Fiske makes the following admissions: His company had 11,000 agents at the beginning of the year 1900, the same number at the end of that year and 16,000 agents left the company in the same year, making 27,000 agents in the company's employ in 1900. He admits that 575,392 policies lapsed in that year, at a loss \$1,070,000.00, which loss was paid by the persistent policy-holders. He says the cost of putting a new policy on the company's books is \$2.07, which is paid by the persistent payers. He admits that each policy lapsed costs the persistent policy-holders \$1.86. He admits that there was paid, on

an average, 72 cents on each lapsed policy, for the time it was in force averaging from 10 to 12 weeks each. He says the people are bound to have this insurance and the salaries paid officials do not amount to much. We shall see if the facts support the allegations. From these sworn statements and admissions the following deductions must be accepted as equivalent to proof verified upon oath.

The company's business for the 15 years last past, will show that 1900 was an average year's business for each year covered by that period. If 575,392 policies lapsed in 1900, this company has lapsed in the 15 years last past 7,500,000 policies, at a cost of \$2.07 for each policy put on the books, or a total loss to policy holders of \$15,000,000.00. If an average of 72 cents has been paid on each lapsed policy the loss to those who have lapsed their policies in the 15 years last past has been \$5,400,000.00. As the persistent policy holders have paid all the losses on these lapsed policies they have been robbed out of \$20,400,000.00 in the 15 years last past on lapsed policies alone. The average weekly premium on these lapsed policies is 10 cents, the agency force has lost \$1.50 on each of the 7,500,000 policies or \$11,250,000.00. Add to this the persistent policy holder's losses on lapsed policies for 15 years and the combine loss to agents and policy-holders on lapsed policies alone reaches the gigantic sum of \$31,650,000.00. Since the company gains

what the agents and persistent policy-holders lose the stockholders have in 15 years netted \$31,650,000.00 on lapses alone. This may explain why 16,000 agents desert the company in one year and 500,000 victims throw down their policies annually. The agency force consist of three classes. One coming, one going, and one working. 16,000 coming and going and 11,000 at work. To train and keep this army of 27,000 men at work requires at least 1,350 assistant superintendents at a cost of \$27,000.00 a week or \$1,404,000.00 annually. It costs half that sum for "Supers", to direct the assistants; so that the persistent policy holders pay more than \$2,000,000.00 annully to support this army of 27,000 agents and officers. In 15 years the very, very poor have paid \$30,000,000.00 more to be added to the other \$31,650,000.00 or a total of more than \$60,000,000.00, for which they will never, never see a dollar in return. This is what Mr. Fiske says they "are bound to have" or take "insecure" investments. Deduct 15 per cent. from the entire amount paid by all policy-holders for the support of the agency force and you will see how much truth there is in Mr. Fiske's statement that the salaries don't amount to much. Out of every million gathered up in nickels and dimes, \$150,000.00 is retained by the agency force.

Mr. Fiske's sworn statements are proof positive that petit larceny insurance is the most gigantic swindle ever perpetrated on the very, very poor of the American people.

He says they are bound to have it. A great lie. 27,000 agents daily whipped into line can't force the weekly premiums out of 500,000 victims for a longer period than 10 to 12 weeks, as that number lapse annually. Make it a crime for an agent to solicit an application or collect a premium and there will not be an industrial policy in force five years hence, and Mr. Fiske knows it.

Frazzled Frenzy

FRAZZLED FRENZY

MR. READER! All this talk about putting "the system" out of action, all this writing up of trusts, all this bloviated bluster and blather about exposing graft, steal, and high crime in corporation mergers is but insane raving.

Paper pellets pelting plutocracy may be fine writing. Fine writing may amuse the multitude. It can only make the judicious grieve. It is but a windy supiration of forced breath. It may split the very ears of the groundlings. It may tear a passion to tatters, very rags, but it is only dumb show and noise.

Who will it benefit? Why the writers and publishers. Who will it punish? Those who fool away their time in reading and talking about it.

A few facts, cold naked facts, will at

once show "the public" is not in high finance foolishness.

"The lambs" shorn of their silly fleeces are not "the public" any more than a handful of gamblers in a low down resort are the population of a city of 100,000 people. This silly gush and rot about stock robbery and "the public", this crimination and recrimination of gamblers concerns no one but the gambling few. If they were fenced off in a pen by themselves, they would be found—not so many.

At best this exploiting of the crimes of high finance would be considered a blanc mange pudding if taken up as the statement of a cause of action in a civil pleading before any respectable court. There is not a head, a bone, or a vital organ in the entire mass of words.

It would squeeze through the fingers of legal hands like a ball of mush. It

would ooze out of a cheese cloth bag like skimmed milk, after it has soured.

State the case thus:

In the Court of Nowhere.

Before Judge Nobody, in the State of Frenzy.

Windy Tom, the squealer,
The Pal who peached—Pltff.

vs.

Crafty Hank and Silent John,
The still swine who have the swill.

—Defts.

}
Petition
for
Revenge.

Here follows the wind pudding in passionate pleading until Windy Tom's villianous part in the deal smiles like a May Queen.

Signed by the champion wind jammer of the ages.

Counsel pro se.

Place this war of words in the hands of a lawyer. He does not read it. Hands it over to his typewriter girl with the single word "Demurrer".

She knows what to do. Entitles the case and names the court, followed by the word Demurrer. "Come now the defts.

and demur to the petition in the above entitled cause for that it does not state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action”.

When the famous case is down for a hearing, the public cranes its neck to see and hear what is to be done in the “Tichborne claimant” case.

The court looks wise and says; “The plaintiff pleads for God’s sake”—but the demurrer must be sustained. Case dismissed at plttfs. costs and execution awarded”. That’s the end of it.

But we said a few stark naked facts would show “the public” was not concerned in high finance theiving. Well here they are.—

The Census of 1900 showed 15,964,000 families in the United States. Five persons on an average to each family gives a total of 75,994,575 people. Fifty-one per cent. of these live in the country, eleven per cent. semi-urban, and thirty-eight per cent. in cities and towns. What about their income? Nearly thirty-three

per cent. of all these families have an average annual income of \$400.00; \$80.00 to each member of these families. A whole lot, is it not? Twenty-one per cent. have an annual income of \$400.00 to \$600.00; fifteen per cent. have from \$600.00 to \$900.00; ten per cent. have from \$900.00 to \$1,200.00; less than eight per cent. have from \$1,800.00 to \$3,000.00 and only five per cent. have an annual income of over \$3,000.00!

Blessed are the poor, for they shall not be robbed, does not apply when the poor get into the hands of trusts and industrial insurance companies; but the poor have been so thoroughly, wholly, entirely and completely done for by those who control food and insurance supplies that they have nothing left with which to buck the Wall Street Tigers.

High finance thieves shear lambs who have some wool on them. It is the trusts and industrial insurance grafters who do the skinning where no wool can be clipped.

It is easy to see what the men who have no money could do if the thieves who have it could not corrupt them.

It's up to this great Nation to say, shall men or money count? Shall money grind men down until we have revolution and blood or will men teach money a lesson and the making of men count for more than the making of dollars.

See if your fig leaf is on straight and then answer the questions.

The Hog in Sunday School

THE HOG IN SUNDAY

SCHOOL

“ONCE upon a time” the earth was
“stale, flat and unprofitable”.

The sun rose in the East and set in the West. Wise men told their children the story of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still and believed it to be literally true. Ghosts walked at night. Strong men trembled at sight of their shadows.

An obscure man said the world was round and that he could sail away, go round the world, and return to the point of starting. The knowing ones laughed him to scorn.

After much dissapointment and delay, a woman's jewels placed in pawn liberated the idea and a day was long enough to find a World.

This man was so glad when he found

a new world that he landed on his knees and gave thanks that he had found a new people to whom the gospel might be preached and new nations might come to know God.

In time others came to this new world and landed on their knees, and, as a great lawyer once said, "then landed on the aboriginees".

Thus it came to pass that landing on the knees was but the first move to land upon all things in the new world. It became a part of the white man's creed and is still in vogue.

Great ideas seldom travel alone. They go by twos. Discovery and grab are beasts of prey, whelped in the same lair and suckled by the same she-wolf.

Landing on the knees in Sunday School is a favorite method of concealing what has been "landed" in the nets of grab and graft during week days. The Sunday School stunt casts a potent spell over those who come under its influence. It is both a sword and a shield for high crime in politics and business.

Doing time in Sing Sing could not rob a political grafter of his saintly name in Sunday School. John Y. McKane was a perfect devil in politics and a meek and lowly follower of the Master on the Lords day.

Men, hogs, and the devil have been close friends and near neighbors, and have found convenient shelter under the same church portals. The devil in the hogs, has been a well worn theme in Sunday School and has been many times re-told to point a moral or adorn a tale.

Little pilgrims robed in white in Sunday Schools have been told how the devils were driven out of the man possessed of them; that the devils were suffered to enter into a drove of hogs and the hogs rushed into the sea and were chocked; but they were never told that the devils escaped and entered into other hogs now parading in Sunday garb.

How the devils may be driven out of these hogs that still infest the Sunday Schools or drown them with the hogs, is

a much mooted question and the answer is not yet.

The story of a particular one who has long paraded his holy unction in Sunday School, as herein set forth, may help to rob this hog of the glamour of his christian charity, and pierce his armor of pious frauds, which has fooled the Sunday School devotees and even won praises from the elect who refuse to see the great criminal behind his make up of respectability and devotion to the Sunday School.

Calling a thing by its known, common name has often helped the learned and wise, as well as the plain people, to understand an otherwise vexed question. This is the reason for telling the story of a hog in Sunday School in words so plain that he who runs may read.

This hog can trace his blood lines back to the truly good who landed on their knees when they first came to this land of the free. A lineal descendant of those ancient scoundrels who first discovered, then grabbed the earth and the

fullness thereof. Zealous in good works and fiendish in their purposes to possess all there was in sight even to the extermination of rightful owners. This one had a good mother who taught him in all good work and to give his time to the Lord in Sunday School; to give unto the Lord on Sunday some portion of what he had taken from others during the week. He was not the "runt" of the litter, neither did he suck the "hind teat". He was thrifty from the start. The devils early marked him as their own for they saw he was by nature bent to "hog" the swill. The still pig that gets the swill six days in the week can well squeal over the empty trough on Sunday. The "Still Pig" grew to be a big hog by being still and respectable.

You have heard it often in Sunday School, "the children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light". This little pig had learned very early the truth of a very old saying, "root hog, or die". He said, "I must do

something to keep the others from rooting". So he set about putting rings in the noses of all pigs in his employ that they could not root up anything between him and what he wanted. In this way the little pigs, as well as grown ones, could be safely worked by him but they could not root for themselves. So long as they worked for what he saw fit to give them they could live, but never grow fat. If they would not work and be content to live the lean life, he turned them away. His ring in their noses would not allow them to root and they must surely die. He knew that hungry pigs would squeal when the trough was empty, therefore he gave on Sunday a scant portion of what he had filched from hungry pigs on week days.

To give to the poor is to lend to the Lord, and the Lord's poor are always loud in their praise. The praise of the few who received muffled the din of the curses of those who had been robbed. The art of infamy is in keeping a quiet mein.

The gift to conceal is a license to steal. The Sunday School was the legalized "fence" that gave the devil in this hog the right to steal at will and hide in the open.

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed
In what so we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

But the devil in this hog not only snatched the Holy Grail from the lips of the thirsty drinkers, but stole the little pig's portion from the hungry mothers because he was bound to have the hog's share—All.

The greed of this one was from the deeps of a mighty maw. It was born in the abyss. The earth was the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, the cattle on a thousand hills were His; but the boiling caldrons in the bowels of the earth belonged to this hog. The hidden purpose went well with the hidden treasure. The hog who found it had no right, the hog

who wanted it was bound to respect. No one must root the earth but him. No one must have a trough free from him. He must have the swill but he must not be known to fight. In Sunday School little pigs were taught their snouts and growing tusks were not made to war and fight. "The still pig gets the swill". Little pigs must not squeal too loud, so more swill is put in the Sunday School troughs. But there were other hogs of the same brood, others fierce and wild. Not the fat chubby faced pigs whose pictures one sees as prize winners at County Fairs, but real hogs, the razor-backed kind, wild of eye, stiff bristles, fierce tusks, with noses long enough to dig up nine rows of potatoes shut in by a rail fence, and never touch a rail.

This razor-back-breed had all the devil-may-care greed of the big one but they had not his Sunday School cunning; to keep still at the trough and get the swill while the blind pigs squealed because they could not find the gruel. So

the big one took them in training, he taught them the trick of ham-stringing all others while they were struggling to get to the trough. You may not know what it means to ham-string a hog. This is a back-woods saying. It means to cut the large tendon in a hog's hind legs. This tendon is called the ham-string because the backwoodsman, when he had killed a hog, hung it up by this tendon. When he smoked hams, this tendon was the string that held the ham and it was called a ham string. When this tendon is cut the hog can no longer walk or stand to get to the trough.

Ham stringing other hogs was a better way to keep them from getting to the swill trough than putting out the eyes of little pigs.

There was one kind of swill the big one greatly liked. He liked it all the more because it could only be had by those with no rings in their noses, that is, hogs who could root up the earth, dig deep, and get the swill from the ground.

It was particularly good as others wanted it for the light it gave them.

The big one said to all the brood of razor-backed wild boars who roamed the earth in his trail, we must get all this swill in our troughs. We will put out the eyes of all those whose noses we cannot ring. We will ham-string all others who try to get this swill in their troughs. No one must root the earth for this swill unless we can get it into our troughs. You smaller hogs must gouge, bite, use your noses, rip with your fierce tusks, kill, starve, destroy all who come in your way, who try to get any of this swill unless it goes through our troughs. The big one was wiser than all the generations of hogs before him. The value of this swill to us, he said, is not in the amount the other hogs use, but in our making them get it for us for nothing and paying us our price. It is working the ends against the middle that makes us fat and keeps them lean. You wild boars who do my bidding must do the "dirty work"

while I keep quiet. While you keep up this hell among the poor, I'll work the Sunday School and show how nice a hog I am by giving swill to the blind pigs.

I am no philanthropic hog. No hog can be a philanthropist. The philanthropist gets a little from a great many honestly and finally gives away a great lot in a bunch to nobody. I take it all from all the hogs and give back a little to drown the squealing of the pigs and those I have robbed of all that is dear to life and necessary for living. If I give out a little today, I take enough more from all tomorrow to replace it. Hogs never give away their swill.

Thus day by day this great one and his herd of wild boars waxed sleeker and fatter while the blind pigs and ham strung hogs grew thinner and leaner. Yet the great one poured swill into the Sunday School trough, and to those who squealed loudest his praise, he gave an extra allowance, thereby he held his place in Sunday School and his praise went up all over

the land by those who drank of his swill and he was looked upon as respectable by those who did not even partake of his gifts. Still the great one and his herd of wild boars were not satisfied. To the swill taken from the bowels of the earth must needs be added the precious treasure from the mountains. There must be more blinding, maiming, gouging, and destruction. It came to pass that other creatures, who, in outward form, were like unto the great one and his herd, were drawn into this sacrament of infamy and baptized into this communion of corruption. But the great one and his herd could not put rings in their noses, could not maim them with the ham string knife, and could not induce them to drink of the tainted swill at his troughs. More tainted swill was poured out in the Sunday School troughs but the children of light would none of it. To the many offers to drink they said "Nay", "Nay". More tainted swill was poured into the University troughs, but children of light would none of it. So

the great one was left with his tainted corrupting swill in his troughs, and holy men are now standing without his gates crying "Unlean", "Unclean".

What shall the harvest be? Shall it come to pass that as one woman was persuaded to place in pawn her jewels and thereby help one man find a new world, that the firm stand of a few resolute souls shall yet redeem this new world from the grasp of the hogs?

M O R A L

If you don't believe in the hog in business, drive him out of Sunday School. If you don't think the hog's money is clean, don't take it as a gift to buy swill. Don't take it to build churches. Don't take it to build libraries. Don't take it to endow universities. "The gift without the giver is bare". If you can't accept the hog, don't drink his tainted swill. Christ wouldn't have accepted all the money of all the money changers to buy

swill for a starving pig. If you don't drink swill, take your nose out of the trough. If you are not a hog in business, in church, on principle, keep the swill out of your books, out of your sacrificial cups. Don't be a hog.

The hog in Sunday School is one of the master wheels in the machine in politics. He is the right hand of the boss who names candidates and carries elections. His money controls votes. His stunt in Sunday School makes respectable the work of the boss in the saloon. The two are an equal part of the mighty power that brings the church and the brewery on the same platform.

These two are the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the church and Mephostopheles of politics. They foster panics and sow the microbes of strikes. They depress stocks and take them in. They inflate prices and then sell them out. They are the masters of high finance, the king pin of the trusts, the manipulators of rebates, the keepers of a lie. They make Gover-

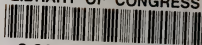
nors, United States Senators, Congressmen and Judges. They own the courts and control the legislature. They "take over all public utilities". They control the railroads, traction and street car lines. They give passes to all public officers who have to deal with them. They have a mortgage on every lawyer before he gets to the seat of the judge. They bribe law-makers before they get to the legislature.

Mighty is the hog in Sunday School and his power is increased because he is in league with the boss in the saloon.

The honest yeomanry of the farms and the fields are counted on to keep them in power. If the man who has been named by the boss for Governor can be elected by votes from the farms, the boss in politics will be lifted from the depths of the lowest dive to a seat in the United States Senate.

Great are the hogs in Sunday Schools and saloons. Will they fool all the people all the time? Pulverize the boss. Pulverize the machine.

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